

The Mirror

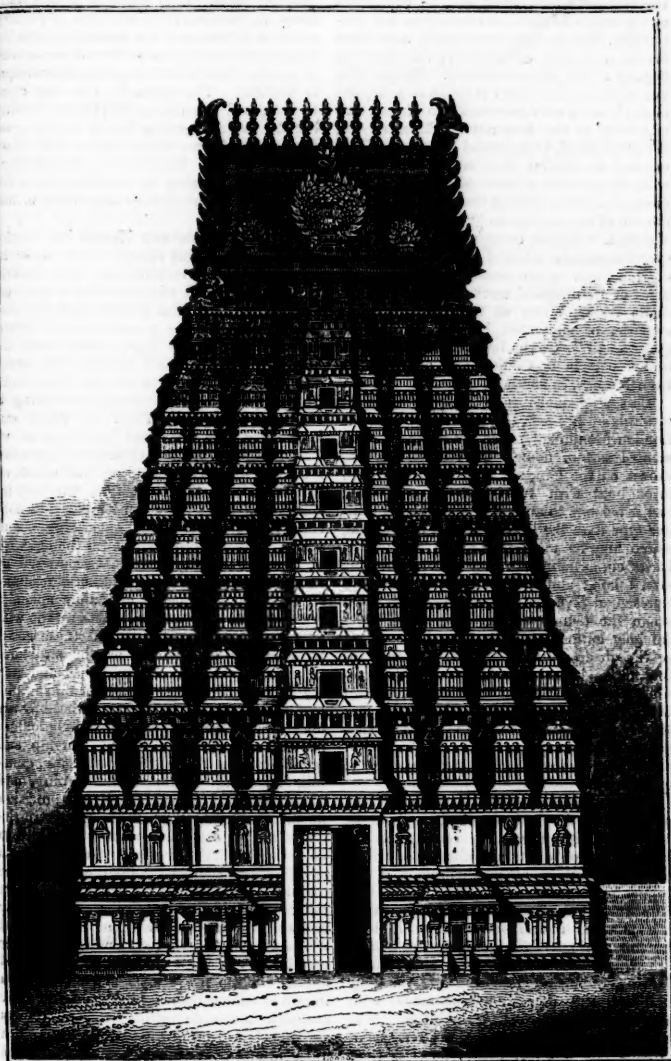
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 649.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1834.

[PRICE 2d.]



THE GREAT PAGODA, AT CONJEVERAM.

THE GREAT PAGODA, AT CONJEVERAM.

PAGODAS rank foremost among the magnificent monuments of India. In that part of the country, which must ever be considered as the cradle of the Indian religion and civilization, the ancient monuments have been for the most part destroyed by the fanatical bigotry of the Mohammedans. Bengal Proper contains the fewest remains of antiquity of any; more are discoverable in Behar, and especially in the holy city of Benares. On the other hand, Coromandel being much less exposed to similar devastation, presents us with the greatest number of celebrated religious structures, both on the coast and in the interior of the peninsula. "Here," says Lord Valentia, "almost every village has its respective pagoda, adorned with a lofty portal of stone, and by no means contemptible in point of architectural merit, where the Brahmans reside, either at their own private expense, or supported by the liberality of government." Of the latter class is the celebrated pagoda at Conjeveram, a few miles from Madras, in southern India.

This stupendous pyramidal temple rises upwards of 200 feet, (or, to the height of the London Monument,) terminating in an ornamented sort of dome. Its elevation is well shown on the annexed page to be enriched throughout with rude, massive sculpture; and it belongs to an earlier and more primitive type than the lighter pagoda of Tanjore, which may be more familiar to the reader. In its embellishments may be observed the sacred bull; and in the uppermost stage are represented Siva and his consort Parvati, (to whom the temple is dedicated), riding upon the holy animal. Siva will be remembered as the destroying energy of the sect of Brahma, and the representation at Conjeveram shows its avatar, or incarnation. When Lord Valentia visited it, this pagoda was entirely deserted: he found the inside to consist of two gloomy apartments, in the first of which were two small gilded statues, dressed up, with only their heads visible.

A two-fold inclosure usually surrounds the sanctuary of the Indian pagoda. That at Conjeveram is particularly remarkable for presenting a row of statues of animals, which seem, as it were, to officiate as guards of the temple. Magnificent gateways open into these inclosures, in some cases decorated with pilasters and surmounted with lofty pyramids, ornamented from top to bottom with sculptures representing gods and animals. Within the second inclosure are the holy buildings and offices, a colonnade with chapels, and a large tank for ablution. The priests employed in the religious services of the sanctuary was very great: not less than three thousand Brahmans were employed in that of the pagoda of Chalambrón; how

prodigious, therefore, must have been the influx of pilgrims, whose pious liberality was sufficient to maintain such a multitude of priests, as the temple possesses no landed property itself. Lord Valentia reports that a few years previous to his visit, one of the large entrance gateways of an ancient pagoda had been rebuilt by a pious widow, at an expense of not less than 40,000 pagodas, almost equal to 16,000*l*. Thousands to this day crowd to the grand ceremonies of Hindoo worship, but the modern temples do not display grandeur in any degree commensurate with those of former times. Many contain only a single apartment, and may be built for twenty-five pounds; few having more than three or four rooms.

The learned Professor Heeren has devoted several pages of his *Researches* to these labours of Hindoo architecture. He remarks that the pyramidal pagodas show a progress of building from the rudest unornamented forms of the simple pyramid to the lighter construction of the upper parts, and the decoration of the whole exterior with sculpture; finally, they seem to have terminated in mere propyla, or gateways, conducting to the sacred edifices. Then the whole was surrounded with walls and buildings, as we have explained. Thus, these buildings show a kind of progress resembling that which we believe to be self-evident from the very inspection of some Egyptian temples—in both cases the sanctuary at first stood single, and was of moderate dimensions, till the devotion of kings or wealthy persons, encouraged by the zeal of the priests, raised around it numerous structures far larger and more splendid than the original temple. The means with which the Hindoos embellished these costly piles are as astonishing as the structures themselves; for a small steel chisel and iron mallet are said to have been their only implements. Yet, the object in raising these fabrics are such as to cause us to lament this prodigal labour and ingenuity. "The worship and services paid to the Hindoo deities are, generally speaking, irrational, unmeaning, and often immoral. They include no provision for instructing the body of the people in the duties of life, or even in what is supposed to be divine truth; but consist merely in acts of blind and senseless adulation to popular divinities. Every image, when lodged in its temple, has a mechanical round of daily homage performed before it, and is furnished with a regular allowance of food, which, after remaining a certain time, is removed and applied to the use of the attendants. On the great annual festivals these offerings are profusely lavished; while the multitudes assembled in front of the temples indulge in indecent and extravagant motions. Mr. Ward enumerates the various articles of maintenance bestowed upon Kalee in her temple at Kal-

teephata, among which are 12,000 goats, 240 tons of rice, 48 cwt. of sugar, 264 cwt. of sweetmeats, and considers them as worth 9,000*l.* annually. Besides the public solemnities, the devotee has a daily service to perform; and fulsome praises addressed to some chosen deity, frequently the repetition of his name for hours together, constitute the favourite occupation of the worshippers."

CROM A BOO.

(To the Editor.)

IN No. 646 of the *Mirror*, it is stated that the Irish words *Crom á boo*, used as a motto by the Fitzgeralds, signify "I burn." These words were the war-cry of the Earls of Desmond, chiefs of that great family; and their real and literal translation is, not "I burn," but *Victory to Crom!*—Crom, now called Croom, eight miles from Limerick, being a castle, once a principal seat of the Earls of Desmond, and *boo*, properly written *buu*, the Irish word for victory.

From the frequent shouting of the words *a boo, a boo!* that is "Victory, Victory!" by the tumultuary Irish armies advancing to battle, the English soldiers employed in that country formed the word *Hubbaboo*, to signify a violent uproar, or tumult; and this word, now shortened into *Hubbub*, is to be found in most English dictionaries—being one of the very few English words which can be distinctly traced to a Celtic root. H. B.

COMPARATIVE WEALTH OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

(From the *Revue Encyclopedique*.)

IN France there are 27,440 square leagues of cultivated land; in England, 13,396; yet the gross produce of England is one seventh more than France, and net produce double. Agricultural population in England, one-third of the whole population; in France, they form two-thirds. In England, 7,511,682 farmers, husbandmen, and labourers, cultivate 21,000,000 acres, and produce annually a net income of 107,246,000*l.*; while, in France, 19,621,000 persons, cultivating 41,000,000, can only produce an income of 57,778,120*l.*: hence the superproductiveness of the soil of England. Its superiority, however, may be attributed, in some degree, to the manner in which property is divided in France. The number of proprietors in England and Scotland, in 1816, was 589,384; and by adding one-third more for Ireland, and taking the members of each family at five persons, gives 4,000,000, or one-fifth of the whole population; but in France, in 1818, there were 4,833,000 landowners, which, at five members to each family, give 24,000,000 persons, or four-fifths of the population. The number of properties in France under 52*s.*, annual value, is 3,500,000*l.* Hence, in England, one-half of the population is employed in

commerce; in France, only one-sixth; a superiority in England almost incalculable, when we take into consideration the extensive use of machinery. W. G. C.

HYMN TO AURORA.

BEAUTIFUL SPIRIT! whose hands unfold
The morning's portals of flaming gold!
Thou art come in thy beauty! and orient skies
Are bright with the glow of thy radiant eyes;
And over the mountains a path is spread,
With dew gems strewn, for thy heavenly tread.

To herald thy coming a star was sent,
Which rose o'er the calm, clear firmament,
And like the fond eye of a lover whose
Bent over the sleep of the chosen one;
Yet soon its beauty dissolved away,
And left not a trace in thy brighter ray.

But thou art come! and an early song
To greet thee is thrilling the groves among;
Thy smile has called every beauty forth,
On the bosom of ocean, in heaven and earth;
And on the fresh leaves and flowers the dews
Are sparkling, bright with thy thousand hues.
Thou hast past o'er the wide sea, leaving there
A golden track on its waters fair;
On mountain peaks the eternal snow
Dazzles and shines, in thy early glow;
The plains and vales of our peopled earth
Are alive with music, and joy, and mirth.

Thy breathing the forest with gladness stirs,
That rings with the song of thy worshippers;
And there the wild flowers, with soft sweet eyes,
Gaze through the wood-moss upon thy skies;
And Echo is startled from out her sleep,
Where she brooding dwells, in the woodlands deep.

Onward the river, with speed and light,
Sweeps through the vale, from the mountain's height;
Thy lustre is thrown on a thousand rills,
Leaping and sparkling among the hills;
And there to the moss, the flowers, and grass,
They breathe the wild music as along they pass.

The rose has unfolded its breast of bloom,
And fill'd the air with its sweet perfume;
Round it is many a liquid gem
Trembling, a regal diadem,
Fit for a queen so fair, whose sway
But lasts through the shine of a summer's day.

And lo! the sunless and fair of earth
Have risen to hail thee, with smiles and mirth;
Like fairy visions they pass along,
And earth is more bright from the shining throng,
Where winds, in their wanton playfulness,
Sport with the rings of each shining tress.

And what for the human heart hast thou,
To brighten the eye and smooth the brow?—
Joy, for the maiden who, young and fair,
Wreaths for the bridal her silken hair?
And joy for him who with hope has smiled
On the happy brow of his first-born child?

Oh! hast thou peace for the happy homes,
Where virtue dwells, and affection blooms?
Love for the hearts of the pure and young,
With that wordless bliss untold, unsung?
And, oh! on the night of affliction past,
Dost thou bring the sweet day-beam of hope at last?

Beautiful Spirit! thou hast no share
In human sorrow, or human care;
Thy smiles are as bright on the dreary tomb
As where sweet hope and young beauty bloom,—
On the ivied ruin in hoar decay
As the new-built fane of yesterday.

What though the lovely in death are laid,
And sorrow the once glad heart o'er shade,
Many a sun-bright brow is left,
And hearts by no sorrow or evil left;
Time shall the mourners' peace restore,
And joy revisit their hearts once more.

But time no change to thy beauty brings,
Nor steals one plume from thy radiant wings;
Ages on ages have passed away,
And seen the proud glories of man decay;
But thou art fair as when first thy beams
Of beauty were mirrored in Eden's streams.

And there is a region where thou shalt bloom
In endless light, without shade or gloom;
And those thou hast cherished on earth awhile
For ever shall dwell in thy cloudless smile,
And in song of triumph rejoice with thee,
In the dawn of a blest eternity.

Dorking.

G. J. N.

Spirit of Discoberry.

THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS.

Removal to Otaheite.

[WE resume our accounts of these interesting people, with the substance of a dispatch addressed to the Lieutenant-Governor of New South Wales, by Captain Sandilands, of H.M. sloop Comet, who was employed to convey such of the islanders as should be desirous of removing to Otaheite. Captain Sandilands arrived off Pitcairn's Island on Feb. 28, 1831, and he details his proceedings there as follows:—]

Attended by three natives, who came off in their canoes, I landed in the afternoon, accompanied by Captain Walpole, of his Majesty's 39th regiment. Having made known to the inhabitants the object of the expedition, on the second day I assembled all the heads of families; and fully explained to them that they were perfectly at liberty either to remove to Otaheite, or remain where they were.

One-half of the inhabitants gave in their names immediately as resolved to remove to Otaheite, and on the following day the remainder came to the same resolution. The whole immediately commenced preparations for embarking, by carrying down to the landing-place, potatoes, yams, fruits, and household goods, which were continued to be embarked on board the ships until the 7th, on the morning of which day all the inhabitants were embarked without accident on board the *Lucy Anne*, being eighty-seven in number, men, women, and children.

I arrived at Otaheite, and anchored at Papute harbour, on the 23rd of March, and found the island under the government of Queen Pomarre, daughter of the late King Pomarre, and I regret to say, on the very eve of a civil war. This, however, terminated without the opposing parties coming to actual hostilities; and previous to my leaving Otaheite, the governors of provinces, and the chiefs opposed to the queen and her party, having amicably arranged their differences, had retired from Papute to their own provinces, with their numerous followers.

Although the island was in this distracted state on my arrival, I was greatly relieved from anxiety respecting the inhabitants of

Pitcairn's Island, by receiving from the queen and chiefs on the one side, and the hostile party on the other, assurances that the promises made by her father, the late King Pomarre, and them, would be most strictly executed.

I, therefore, at the request of the queen, landed the people of Pitcairn's Island at the residence of the queen, about three miles from the anchorage, where houses were provided for them; and at this place they remained until the contending parties had returned to their houses, when the queen gave up for their use a large dwelling belonging to herself in the town of Papute. Previous to their removing, also, a beautiful tract of very rich land, belonging to the government of the island, was well examined. The queen, at the same time, assembled the chiefs of districts in my presence, and formally communicated to them that she had assigned this land to the inhabitants of Pitcairn's Island, giving orders also that her people should immediately commence the construction of houses when they had made selection of a site suited for a town; and the materials for erecting these houses were in a considerable state of forwardness on my departure.

A feeling of great regard was universally manifested to the strangers by the Otaheiteans, who anxiously endeavoured to find out those among them who were their relations—in which they were often successful: in one instance in particular, a woman having come a considerable distance and discovered, in one of the four remaining Otaheitean women, a sister. I mention this in order to show on what grounds I conclude that the change from Pitcairn's Island to Otaheite will be attended with advantage to them.

On my arrival off Pitcairn's Island, I found them exceedingly distressed for water, what they had even being procured with great difficulty; and although the fertility of the island has reared a comparatively numerous population up to the present period, yet this very circumstance, from their increasing numbers, rendered the necessity for emigration more obvious.

In order to provide for the subsistence of the inhabitants of Pitcairn's Island, I concluded a contract for their supply with a sufficient quantity of food for the space of six months, at the expiration of which time, from the information I obtained, they will be in a situation to support themselves on the produce of their own grant or land.

[The Islanders soon returned; and the next document describes their subsequent condition:—]

His Majesty's sloop *Challenger*, at sea, 30th May, 1833. (From Capt. Freemantle, R.N.)

At Otaheite I understood that all the Pitcairn Islanders had returned to their island,

having been assisted by the missionaries and the Europeans on the island to freight* an American vessel to convey them, they being very discontented and unhappy, and a sickness having become prevalent amongst them, which had carried off twelve of their number.

Having, therefore, as far as lay in my power, settled all the complaints which came before me, and tried to impress upon the authorities of Otaheite the necessity of preventing the recurrence of the piracies which have recently taken place among the islands to windward, I proceeded to Pitcairn's Island, off which I arrived after a passage of twelve days. The ship was immediately visited by most of the men of the island, who came out in their canoes to invite the officers on shore: they were all well dressed, and in every respect had the appearance of Englishmen. I was sorry, however, to find that they were not improved by their visit to Otaheite; but, on the contrary, as I had reason to think, were much altered for the worse, having, since their return, indulged in intemperance to a great degree, distilling a spirit from the tee root, which grows in great quantities on the island. I interrogated the most intelligent of the men respecting their return to the island, and they unanimously agreed that they had never been happy or contented since they quitted it, and that nothing would have induced them to do so, excepting the fear of displeasing the British government, which they thought they might have done, had they not profited by the means offered to remove themselves. Now, however, being re-established there, they would ever remain. They had nothing to complain of respecting their treatment at Otaheite, but disliked the characters of the people, and were alarmed at the sickness which prevailed among themselves, and which altogether carried off seventeen, five having died since their return.

I found on the island a Mr. Joshua Hill, a gentleman nearly seventy years of age, who appears to have come from England expressly to establish himself among these people, as a kind of pastor and monitor. He had not been on the island more than two or three months, and was officiating as schoolmaster, having quite succeeded in supplanting the Englishman who had acted previously in that situation. He informed me that on his arrival he had found the island in the greatest state of irregularity. He landed on a Sunday, but found most of the islanders intoxicated, and the Englishman "Nobbs," who acted as their pastor, in such a state, from the effects of drunkenness, as to be incapable of performing his duties; he had

consequently taken them upon himself, wishing to render as much service as possible to the islanders. And though it appeared to me at first so extraordinary a circumstance, that a gentleman of Mr. Hill's age, and apparent respectability, should come from England for the express purpose of residing on Pitcairn's Island, that I thought he must be some adventurer, more likely to do harm than good in the cause he had undertaken, yet, from the papers which he showed me, and which proved that he had been in communication with the Admiralty, the Colonial Office, Captain Beechey, and many respectable gentlemen, offering his services in the first instance to remove the people from the island when it was first proposed, I was induced to think he must be interested about them. And as he had succeeded in restoring them to some kind of order, by putting a stop to the intemperance which existed—had broken up all their stills, and had formed them into a "Temperance Society," I gave him all the assistance in my power to support him in his situation; the other Englishman, who had clearly proved himself by his conduct to be unfit for it, I recommended to quit the island, which he promised to do.

The number of people in the island at present is seventy-nine; and there appears to be an abundance of vegetables of every description. They are not themselves either under any alarm respecting a want of water, saying, that as their numbers increase, they must dig more reservoirs and wells. With respect to food, I am satisfied the island is capable of supporting nearly a thousand persons; the soil is particularly good, and most part of it being as yet uncultivated, there is little fear of scarcity. On their return from Otaheite, they found the island overrun with wild hogs, by which their plantations were destroyed, and they had only just succeeded in hunting these down; but even in their present state, they were able to supply the Challenger with a large quantity of yams, potatoes, sweet potatoes, plantains, fowls, with a few pigs; and nothing could exceed the kindness of the people in offering every thing they had which they thought would be acceptable.

It is impossible for any person to visit this island without being pleased with a people generally so amiable, though springing from so guilty a stock, and brought up in so extraordinary a manner. And although I have no hesitation in saying, that they have lost much of that simplicity of character which has been observed in them by former visitors, they are still a well-disposed, well-behaved, kind, hospitable people, and, if well advised and instructed, would be led to any thing; but I fear, if much left to themselves, and visited by many ships, which now is not an uncommon occurrence, that they will lose

* It may be remarked, by the way, that many of the copper bolts of the Bounty, which had been brought to Otaheite from Pitcairn's Island by the islanders, were taken by the master of the vessel as part payment for their freight, I believe to the amount of two hundred dollars.

what simplicity they have left, and will partake of the character of their neighbours, the Otaheitans. I found even now that it was a most difficult matter to obtain the truth on any point which told at all to their prejudice; and it was only by cross-questioning them that I could arrive at it. The present generation of children is the finest I ever saw; and out of the whole number, seventy-nine, there are fifty-three under twenty years of age, who appear to have been well instructed, many of them being capable of reading, and nearly on a par with children of the same age in England. It certainly is desirable that this system of instruction should be kept up, and that a clergyman should be sent to them, who would be most acceptable. The Englishmen who have been on the island have, on the contrary, done much harm, particularly Buffett, who, although a married man, has seduced one of the young girls, by whom he has two children.

I remained off the island two days, the ship being under weigh the whole time, there being no anchorage, and the landing particularly hazardous, so that it is very rarely that a ship's boat ought to attempt it: the natives themselves, however, are very clever with their canoes, and will land in almost any weather. Having given them all the assistance and advice in my power, and arranged their little disputes to the best of my ability, I left this little colony, much prepossessed in their favour by every thing I had seen; and sincerely trusting that they may continue to live in that state of innocence and contentment which they enjoyed previous to their departure for Otaheite—which it is to be hoped that they may, if they do not return to the use of that spirit which they have so well learned the art of distilling. I obtained a specimen of it: it is not unlike whisky, and very good.

[In December, 1832, Mr. Hill addressed a letter from Pitcairn's Island to the Earl of Ripon, stating, that on his arrival there, in October, he] found the state of things upon this little island very unsettled, owing principally to the presence of three Englishmen, whom, unfortunately, the natives have allowed to settle among them: they are runaway sailors. Drunkenness, and other bad vices, were introduced by them. They were in the greatest confusion, from the youngest to the oldest—fighting, and every thing wicked, going on.

[Mr. Hill continues:]—I have, however, been so fortunate as to put down, in a great degree already, the use of ardent spirits, and the means of making any more of it. I have established, at the outset, a temperance society, and caused the greater number to sign thereto. I have also established a set of laws, as best suited for them, and placed three of the most efficient natives as a com-

mittee of elders, to superintend their affairs; and the only difficulty I have to contend against is the presence of these three bad characters upon the island. I hope that before long one of his Majesty's ships of war may come and take them off, when I should have but little if any difficulty in bringing the natives back again to their duty and best interest.

TEA AND COFFEE.

A FEW evenings since, (says the *Lancet*), at the London Medical Society, the President referred to a case in which tea drank in the morning, and coffee in the evening, always produced ill effects,—the reverse, none. The cause is probably this, that the stomach needing a nourishing beverage in the morning, finds it in coffee only. Needing none after dinner, it obtains a mere stimulant in tea.

OPENING OF A MUMMY.

THE following account of the opening of a mummy, in the grand hall of the Sorbonne, appeared some time since in a Paris journal. The mummy formed part of the collection of Egyptian antiquities sold by M. Passalacqua, to the King of Prussia.

After the removal of the outer envelope, composed of linen, hardened with animal glue, the whole of the body was found wrapped with bandages, which had completely kept their forms; these bandages unrolled, laid open a second set of envelopes of brown linen, impregnated with a strong, aromatic, bituminous odour, and adhering, in a great degree, one to another. At length, on the removal of these, the body was discovered with the hands joined, the position ordinarily observed in the embalming of young females. Between the knees were two small rolls of papyrus, in perfect preservation, but which, in the absence of M. de Champollion, could not be deciphered. Beside these rolls was a kind of little bag, wrapped up in bandages, like the mummy itself, in which it was hoped something curious and important would be discovered; but it contained nothing but grains of wheat, a number of which had germinated. Extraordinary as this fact may seem, we give it exactly as it has been published. The chest was covered with an inscription on papyrus, which could neither be removed nor read: this is the so much the more to be regretted, as it was from that papyrus that the most important discoveries were expected. The last thing examined was the cranium, which it was thought would be filled with bits of linen and bitumen, as in other mummies; but it was empty. The head was covered with flaxen-coloured hair, in perfect preservation; and, as the whole of the teeth were found complete and very

small
perso
inacr
circu
that
who

At a
a ven
bound
Geor
auth
Wes
Esq.
Chap
whos
have
of au
is th
Edg
for a
Pete
cont
state
chur
attac
ries
we
next
Way
Tyb
was
hard
five
to th
cons
that
arra
circe
ding
Wes
St.
char
was
Bar
and
othe
St.
Mar
gave
puri
since
form
the
whic
riah
to t
pari
pari
Paul
Ann
St.

small, it was naturally concluded that the person must have been a young man. The inscriptions found on the envelope, and the circumstances observed in the opening, prove that this mummy was one of a priest of Isis, who died in his 30th year. W. G. C.

Antiquariana.

ANCIENT WESTMINSTER.

At a late meeting of the Antiquarian Society, a very interesting memoir was read, on the boundaries of the City of Westminster, by George Saunders, Esq. F. S. A. The best authority upon this subject is the History of Westminster Abbey, by Richard Widmore, Esq. who was librarian to the Dean and Chapter about a century ago, and since whose time the records of the Abbey church have been jealously kept from the inspection of authors. The earliest record on the point is the charter of the year 651, by which King Edgar granted (or rather sold a confirmation for a golden armilla) to the church of St. Peter, "ruris quondam particulam," then containing only five houses, and which is stated to have been previously given to the church by King Offa. To the charter is attached a Saxon description of the boundaries of this "piece of country," from which we find that it extended from Fleet Ditch next the City of London, to the Military Way, now the Horseferry-road, and from Tybourn and Holbourn to the Thames. This was Westminster, when not yet a city, nor hardly a village or farm (for it contained only five dwellings), but a rural manor, belonging to the Abbey church. Its ecclesiastical lords constituted the whole to be one parish, and that parent parish was St. Margaret's. This arrangement is further illustrated by the circumstance that Westbourne, near Paddington, which was part of the manor of Westminster, is still within the parish of St. Margaret. Subsequently to Edgar's charter, the boundary of the City of London was extended from Fleet Ditch to Temple Bar. Westminster also increased rapidly; and before 1222, it had been divided into six other parishes besides St. Margaret's. Still St. Clement's Danes included the present Mary-le-Strand and the Savoy; and St. Margaret's included St. Martin's and other parishes into which St. Martin's has been since divided. St. Martin's parish was formed about 1350; when, on the growth of the wool trade in Westminster (the seat of which was near the palace), the country parishes were cut off and the privileges attached to the staple concentrated in the present parish of St. Margaret. From St. Martin's parish was detached, in 1660, that of St. Paul, Covent Garden; in 1678, that of St. Anne's, Soho; and, lastly, in 1725, that of St. George's, Hanover-square. Mr. Saunders

introduced some valuable remarks relative to the Manor of the Hyde, now Hyde Park; which he clearly showed had derived its name from having consisted of the quantity of land anciently so called. The size of the hide varied in different parts of the country, from 40 to 120 acres; but in Middlesex it appears to have contained about 80. In the great Domesday parish of Stepney there were 59½ hides; there are now in the several parishes into which "Stibenhede" has been divided, 4,763 acres, which amount gives 79½ acres to a hide. The manor of the Hyde is thought to have included about 89 acres, which was, therefore, very nearly the quantity allotted to a hide in Middlesex, but liberally measured. Mr. Saunders remarked upon the continuance of this mode of admeasurement to the present day in Greece, where a zingary is the quantity of land allotted to the labour of one yoke of oxen, and contains about 50 or 60 English acres.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ANCIENT MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

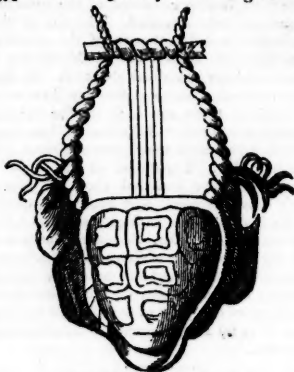
(From a Correspondent.)

In Numbers 142 and 146 of the *Mirror* are notices concerning the history and antiquity of music, wherein mention is made of various instruments known to the ancients, and the progress of the science is traced among the earlier nations. In resuming the subject we intend to avoid a tedious repetition, and shall merely seize some of the leading points for the better illustration of the accompanying sketches of musical instruments.

Some writers, as if determined to trace music to its earliest source, state that Adam was first instructed in the art by his Creator. By reference to the old Testament we find that music was cultivated previous to the time of Noah, but of course all information at so remote a period is only of the scantiest nature; and the earliest tradition of the invention, or rather the revival, of music is in the Egyptian country, that nursery of art and science. The fable of Mercury making a lyre from the shell of a tortoise on the banks of the Nile, is too well known to repeat, but it may be worth observing that the Abyssinians use a similar instrument to the present day, and the first drawing serves for the ancient as well as a modern lyre.

The early days of Egypt are too much clouded in fable to become strictly historical, and the web of tradition is too entangled to be unravelled. Her land was the cradle of science, and, probably, the learned persons in her court embodied and preserved all the knowledge and arts which had existed in other lands and among other races now unknown, and of which she remained sole survivor in all the splendour of wealth, talent, and refinement. When nations all around

her were shrouded in ignorance, and infant colonies were struggling into future states, Egypt was the repository of learning and the



(The Tortoise-shell Lyre.)

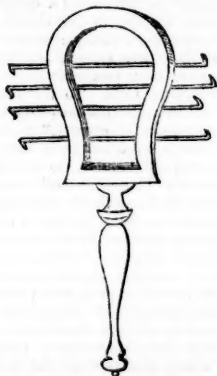
arts, as a proof of which we present our readers with the drawing of a harp found in a tomb at Thebes, supposed to contain the remains of the father of Sesostris who lived nearly 4,000 years ago. Mr. Bruce makes the following observations upon this splendid relic of ancient science:—"It overturns," says he, "all the accounts of ancient music and instruments in Egypt, and is, altogether, in its form, ornaments, and compass, an incontestable proof, stronger than a thousand Greek quotations, that geometry, drawing,



(Harp found at Thebes.)

mechanics, and music, were at the greatest perfection when this harp was made; and that what we think in Egypt was the invention of arts, was only the beginning of the era of their restoration."

The sistrum is another very ancient instrument, peculiar to the Egyptians. Many of them are preserved in the British Museum, and are well worth the inspection of the curious. The instrument is of an oval shape, and made of a sonorous metal. The circumference is pierced with different opposite holes, through which* many rods are passed of the same metal, and are terminated by loops at the extremities and have frequently rings upon them. The lower part is the handle, and on shaking this instrument musical sounds were emitted. The sistrum was used in sacrifices, and became so common that Egypt was called the land of sistrums, as Greece was said to be the land of the lyre.

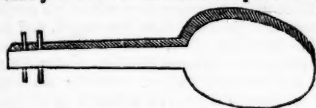


(The Egyptian Sistrum.)

In 1823, an ancient Egyptian lyre was deposited at Berlin. Its base was a piece of wood, about seven inches long and six broad; in this was fixed a sounding chest of thin wood, fastened to the board, and two inches high. In the top of this chest are two rows of holes, thirteen in number, seven being on the top row and six in the bottom. From these holes the strings extended to the top of a wooden frame, which was formed by three pieces of wood, two of unequal lengths being fixed on the sides, terminating in an ornament resembling a horse's head, these being connected by a transverse piece loosely fastened. A Grecian lyre, of very elegant shape, found in a tomb at Athens, is preserved in the British Museum. On a column, supposed to have been erected by Sesostris about

* This is not shown in the Engraving, as could be wished.

400 years before the Trojan War, the following instrument is represented with only two strings and a long neck to it, by which means a variety of notes could have been produced.



(Egyptian Instrument.)



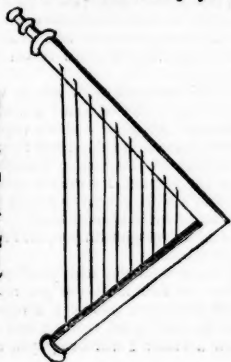
(Ancient Harps.)

The following instrument, the Trigonum, or triangular harp, was in use among the Egyptians, and is said to have been borrowed from the Phrygians. A Cupid is represented on a Roman fresco painting, bearing an instrument of this description—it rests upon the left shoulder, while he plays upon its

strings with the fingers of the right hand, and dances to the music he is producing.

The early Egyptians confined the study of music to the priesthood, who likewise studied medicine; and the Lacedæmonians acted upon the same principle. Plato observes, moreover, that music and sculpture were circumscribed by law; consequently, the old music was adhered to, and ultimately became to be considered as sacred. It might, therefore, be rather a curious matter of speculation whether some of the long-used Hebrew chants might not have originally been used by the Egyptians, adopted by the Jews to their own rites, and thus have been handed down to the present period. So exclusive and so careful were the Egyptians of their original music, that the cultivation of the art, or rather the practice of it, (since cultivation denotes improvement, and improvement, we have already shown, was prohibited,) was carefully transmitted from father to son; it became hereditary, like the castes, or trades, now continuing in the East from generation to generation in the same family.

The idea of producing sound from a string is ascribed to Apollo, and that it was sug-



(Triangular Egyptian Harp.)

gested to him by the twang of his sister Diana's bow. Now, the *Psalmos*, ψαλμος, in Greek denotes the sound which the bow-string produces at the emission of the arrow, and whence our word *Psalm*, though the *twang* is mostly from the nasal organ of the parish functionary. The lyre, the cithara, chelys, psaltery, and harp, were all of the same genus, although it is impossible to describe in what they materially differed.

(To be continued.)

The Public Journals.

MRS. DUVAL AND HER LODGER:

The French Emigré.

(BY MISS MITFORD.)

THE first occupant of Mrs. Duval's pleasant apartments was a Catholic priest, an *émigré*, to whom they had a double recommendation in his hostess's knowledge of the French language, of French habits, and French cookery, (she being, as he used to affirm, the only Englishwoman that ever made drinkable coffee,) and in the whole associations of the precincts, ("piece of a cloister,") around which the venerable memorials of the ancient faith still lingered even in decay.

L'Abbé Villaret had been a cadet of one of the oldest families of France, destined to the church as the birthright of a younger son, but attached to his profession with a seriousness and earnestness not common among the gay noblesse of the *ancien régime*, who too often assumed the *petit collet* as the badge of one sort of frivolity, just as their elder brothers wielded the sword, and served a campaign or two, by way of excuse for an idleness and dissipation of a different kind. This devotion had of course been greatly increased by the persecution of the church which distinguished the commencement of the Revolution. The good Abbé had been marked as one of the earliest victims, and had escaped, through the gratitude of an old servant, from the fate which swept off sisters, and brothers, and almost every individual, except himself, of a large and flourishing family. Pennyless and solitary, he made his way to England, and found an asylum in the town of B—, at first assisted by the pittance allowed by our government to those unfortunate foreigners, and subsequently supported by his own exertions as assistant to the priest of the Catholic Chapel in B—, and as a teacher of the French language in the town and neighbourhood; and so complete had been the ravages of the Revolution in his own family, and so entirely had he established himself in the esteem of his English friends, that when the short peace of Amiens restored so many of his brother *émigrés* to their native land, he refused to quit the country of his adoption, and re-

mained the contented inhabitant of the Priory Cottage.

Amongst his pupils, and the friends of his pupils, his urbanity and kindness could not fail to make him popular; whilst his gentleness and patience with the stupid, and his fine taste and power of inspiring emulation amongst the cleverer children, rendered him a very valuable master. Besides his large connexion in B—, he attended, as we have intimated, several families in the neighbourhood, and one or two schools in the smaller towns, at eight or ten miles distance; and the light and active old man was accustomed to walk to these lessons, with little Bijou for his companion, even in the depth of winter, depending, it may be, on an occasional cast for himself and his dog in the gig of some good-natured traveller, or the cart of some stout dame returning from the market-town, (for it is a characteristic of our county that we abound in female drivers—almost all our country wives are capital whips,) who thought themselves well repaid for their civility by a pinch of rappee in the one case, or a "Tank you, madame!" "Moche obligé, sar!" on the other.

Nobody minded a winter's walk less than M. l'Abbé; and as for Bijou, he delighted in it, and most dance and whisk about, jump round his master's feet, and bark for very joy, whenever he saw the hat brushing, and the great coat putting on, and the gloves taken out of their drawer in preparation for a sortie, especially in snowy weather—for Bijou loved a frisk in the snow, and Louis Duval liked it no less. But there was one person who never liked these cold and distant rambles, and that personage was Mrs. Duval; and on one dreary morning in January especially she opposed them by main and by might. She had had bad dreams, too; and Mrs. Duval was the least in the world superstitious, and "she was sure that no good could come of taking such a walk as that to W—, full a dozen miles, on such a day—nobody could be so unreasonable as to expect M. l'Abbé in such weather; and as for Miss Smith's school, Miss Smith's school might wait!"

M. l'Abbé reasoned with her in vain.—"Your dreams—bah!—I must go, my dear little woman. All Miss Smith's pupils are come back from the holidays, and they want their lessons, and they have brought the money to pay me, and I want the money to pay you, and I will bring you a pink ribbon as bright as your cheeks, and Louis—"

"Oh, pray let me go with you, M. l'Abbé," interrupted Louis.

"And Louis shall stay with you," pursued M. l'Abbé. "You must not go, my dear boy; stay with your mother; always be a good son to your good mother, and I will bring you a book; I will bring you a new

Horace, since you get on so well with your Latin. God bless you, my dear boy! Come, Bijou!" and M. l'Abbé was setting off.

"At least, stay all night!" interposed Mrs. Duval; "don't come home in the dark, pray!"

"Bah!" replied the Abbé, laughing.

"And with money, too! and so many bad people about! and such a dream as I have had!" again exclaimed Madame Duval. "I thought that two wolves——"

"Your dream! bah!" ejaculated the Abbé. "I shall bring you a pink ribbon, and be home by ten;" and with these words he and Bijou departed.

Ten o'clock came;—a cold, frosty night—not moonlight, but starlight—and with so much snow upon the ground that the beaten pathway on the high road to W—— might be easily traced. Mrs. Duval, who had been fidgety all through the day, became more so as the evening advanced, particularly as Louis imported her vehemently to let him go and meet their dear lodger.

"You go! no, indeed!" replied Madame Duval. "At this time of night, and after my dream! It's quite bad enough to have M. l'Abbé wandering about the high roads, and money with him, and so many bad people stirring. I saw one great, tall, dangerous-looking fellow at the door this morning, who seemed as if he had been listening when he talked of bringing money home: I should not wonder if he broke into the house—and my dream, too! Stay where you are, Louis; I won't hear of your going."

And the poor boy, who had been taking down his furred cap to go, looked at his mother's anxious face, and stayed.

The hours wore away,—eleven o'clock struck, and twelve,—and still there were no tidings of the Abbé. Mrs. Duval began to comfort herself that he must have stayed to sleep at W——; that the Miss Smiths, whom she knew to be kind women, had insisted on his sleeping at their house; and she was preparing to go to bed in that persuasion, when a violent scratching and whining was heard at the door, and on Louis running to open it, little Bijou rushed in, covered with dirt, and without his master.

"Oh, my dream!" exclaimed Mrs. Duval.

"Louis, I thought that two wolves——"

"Mother," interrupted the boy, "see how Bijou is jumping upon me, and then running to the door, as if to entice me to follow him. I must go."

"Oh, Louis! remember!" again screamed his mother—"Remember the great fellow who was listening this morning!"

"You forget, dear mother, that we all spoke in French, and that he could not have understood a word," returned Louis.

"But my dream!" persisted Mrs. Duval. "My dreams always come true. Remember the pot I dreamt of your finding in the

ruins, and which, upon digging for, you *did* find."

"Which you dreamt was a pot of gold, and which turned out to be a broken paint-pot," replied Louis, impatiently. "Mother," added he, "I am sorry to disobey you, but look how this poor dog is dragging me to the door; and look! look! there is blood upon his coat! Perhaps his master has fallen and hurt himself, and even my slight help may be of use. I must go, and I will."

And following the word with the deed, Louis obeyed the almost speaking action of the little dog, and ran quickly out of the house, on the road to W——. His mother, after an instant of vague panic, recovered herself enough to alarm the neighbours, and sent more efficient help than a lad of eleven years old to assist in the search.

With a beating heart, the brave and affectionate boy followed the dog, who led with a rapid pace and an occasional low moan along the high road to W——. The night had become milder, the clouds were driving along the sky, and a small, sleety rain fell by gusts; all, in short, bespoke an approaching thaw, although the ground continued covered with snow, which cast a cold, dreary light on every object. For nearly three miles Louis and Bijou pursued their way alone. At the end of that time they were arrested by shouts and lanterns advancing rapidly from the town; and the poor lad recognised the men whom his mother had sent to his assistance.

"Any news of the poor French gentleman, master?" inquired John Gieve, the shoemaker, as he came up, almost breathless with haste. "It's lucky that I and Martin had two pair of boots to finish, and had not left our work; for poor Mrs. Duval there is half crazy with her fears for him and her dread about you. How could you think of running off alone? What good could a lad like thee do, frightening his poor mother?—And yet one likes un for't," added John, softening as he proceeded in his harangue; "one likes un for't mainly. But look at the dog!" pursued he, interrupting himself—"look at the dog, how he's snuffing and shuffling about in the snow! And bark how he whines and barks, questing like! And see what trampling there's been here, and how the snow on the side of the path is trodden about!"

"Hold down the lantern!" exclaimed Louis. "Give me the light, I beseech you. Look here! this is blood—*his* blood!" sobbed the affectionate boy; and, guided partly by that awful indication, partly by the disturbed snow, and partly by the dog, who, trembling in every limb, and keeping up a low moan, still pursued the track, they clambered over a gate into a field by the road-side; and in a ditch, at a little distance, found—what all expected to find—the lifeless body of the Abbé.

He had been dead apparently for some hours, for the corpse was cold, and the blood had stiffened on two wounds in his body. His pockets had been rifled of his purse and his pocket-book, both of which were found, with what money might have been in them taken out, cast into the hedge at a small distance, together with a sword with a broken hilt, with which the awful deed had been committed. Nothing else had been taken from the poor old man. His handkerchief and snuff-box were still in his pocket, together with three yards of rose-coloured ribbon, neatly wrapped in paper, and a small edition of Horace, with the leaves uncut. It may be imagined with what feelings Mrs. Duval and Louis looked at these tokens of recollection. Her grief found in tears the comfortable relief which Heaven has ordained for woman's sorrow; but Louis could not cry—the consolation was denied him. A fierce spirit of revenge had taken possession of the hitherto gentle and placid boy: to discover and bring to justice the murderer, and to fondle and cherish poor Bijou—(who was with difficulty coaxed into taking food, and lay perpetually at the door of the room which contained his old master's body)—seemed to be the only objects for which Louis lived.

The wish to discover the murderer was general throughout the neighbourhood where the good, the pious, the venerable old man—harmless and inoffensive in word and deed, just, and kind, and charitable—had been so truly beloved and respected. Large rewards were offered by the Catholic gentry, and every exertion was made by the local police, and the magistracy of the town and county, to accomplish this great object. John Gleve had accurately measured the shoe-marks to and from the ditch where the body was found; but farther than the gate of the field they had not thought to trace the foot-marks; and a thaw having come on, all signs had disappeared before the morning. It had been ascertained that the Miss Smiths had paid him, besides some odd money, in two 10*l.* notes of the W— bank, the numbers of which were known; but of them no tidings could be procured. He had left their house, on his return, about six o'clock in the evening, and had been seen to pass through a turnpike-gate, midway between the two towns, about eight, when, with his usual courtesy, he bade a cheerful good night to the gate-keeper, and this was the last that had been heard of him. No suspicious person had been observed in the neighbourhood; the most sagacious and experienced officers were completely at fault; and the coroner's inquest was obliged to find the vague and unsatisfactory verdict of "Found murdered, by some person or persons unknown."

Many loose people, such as beggars and

vagrants, and wandering packmen, were, however, apprehended, and obliged to give an account of themselves; and on one of these, a ragman, called James Wilson, something like suspicion was at last fixed. The sword with which the murder was committed, an old regimental sword, with the mark and number of the regiment ground out, had, as I have said before, a broken hilt; and round this hilt was wound a long strip of printed calico, of a very remarkable pattern, which a grocer's wife in B—, attracted by the strange curiosity with which vulgar persons pursue such sights to go and look at it as it lay exposed for recognition on a table in the Town Hall, remembered to have seen in the shape of a gown on the back of a girl who had lived with her a twelvemonth before; and the girl, on being sought out in a neighbouring village, deposed readily to having sold the gown, several weeks back, to the ragman in question. The measure of the shoes also fitted; but they unluckily were of a most common shape and size. Wilson brought a man from the paper-mill to prove that the entire gown in question had been carried there by him, with other rags, about a month before, and other witnesses, who made out a complete alibi on the night in question; so that the magistrates, although strongly prejudiced against him, from countenance and manner—the down-look and the daring audacity with which nature, or rather evil habit, often stamps the ruffian—were, after several examinations, on the point of discharging him, when young Louis, who had attended the whole inquiry with an intensity of interest which, boy as he was, had won for him the privilege of being admitted even to the private examinations of the magistrates, and whose ill opinion of Wilson had increased every hour, he himself hardly knew why, suddenly exclaimed, "Stop until I bring a witness!" and darted out of the room.

During the interval of his absence—for such was the power of the boy's intense feeling and evident intelligence, that the magistrates *did* stop for him—one of the police officers happened to observe how tightly the prisoner grasped his hat. "Is it mere anger?" thought he within himself; "or is it agitation? or can they have been such fools as not to search the lining?"—"Let me look at that hat of yours, Wilson," said he aloud.

"It has been searched," replied Wilson, still holding it. "What do you want with the hat?"

"I want to see the lining."

"There is no lining," replied the prisoner, grasping it still tighter.

"Let me look at it nevertheless. Take it from him," rejoined the officer. "Ah, ha! Here is a little ragged bit of lining, though, sticking pretty fast, too; for as loose and as careless as it looks—a fine, cunning hiding-

place!
the m
knife a
the cap
tion,
nearer
little E
at him
ing, a
heels
dragg
made t
"Lo
from
against
"Th
on the
recover
"Bu
produc
curious
are the
signed
You a
boy.
There
him no
It is
Wilson
proof p
credit h
murder
appeas
justice,
tion, a
dear old
the New

O, wh
Moc
O, wh
—T
Our p
Is bet
This l
And
On the
Tha
And si
Shine
O, the
To
A list
Tha
For m
We wi
O, we
Whe
And a
How
As it w
That o
O, wh
Whe
For th
In B
O that
Within

place! Give me a knife—a penknife!" said the myrmidon of justice, retiring with his knife and the hat to the window, followed by the eager looks of the prisoner, whose attention, however, was immediately called to a nearer danger, by the return of Louis, with little Bijou in his arms. The poor dog flew at him instantly, barking, growling, quivering, almost shrieking with anger, bit his heels and his legs, and was with difficulty dragged from him, so strong had passion made the faithful creature.

"Look!" said Louis. "I brought him from his master's grave to bear witness against his murderer. Look!"

"Their worship will hardly commit me on the evidence of a dog," observed Wilson, recovering himself.

"But look here," rejoined the police-officer, producing two dirty bits of paper, most curiously folded, from the old hat. "Here are the two W—— notes—the 10*l.* notes—signed David Williams, Nos. 1,025 and 662. You and the little dog are right, my good boy. This is the murderer sure enough. There can be no doubt about committing him now."

It is hardly necessary to add that James Wilson was committed, or that proof upon proof poured in to confirm his guilt, and discredit his witnesses. He died confessing the murder; and Bijou and Louis, somewhat appeased by having brought the criminal to justice, found comfort in their mutual affection, and in a tender recollection of their dear old friend and master.—*Abridged from the New Monthly Magazine.*

THE PAINTER'S SONG.

O, who would sit in the moonlight pale,
Mock'd by the hooting owl?
O, who would sit in the silent vale?
—There, let the winds go howl.
Our parlour floor, our parlour floor,
Is better than mountain, moss, and moor.
This lamp shall be our orb of night,
And large our shadows fall
On the flowery beds all green and bright,
That paint our parlour wall:
And silken locks, and laughing eyes,
Shine brighter than stars in bluest skies.
O, the nightingale's is but a silly choice,
To trill to the evening star,
A listener cold—and sweeter the voice
That sings to the light guitar.
For moonlight glades, and brawling brooks,
We will have music and sunny looks.
O, we will the happy listeners be,
When songs and tales begin;
And at our open casement, see!
How the rose it is peeping in,
As it were a fairy, with half-closed eye,
That on this our pleasanter world would spy.
O, who would exchange a home like this,
Where sweet affection smiles,
For the gardens, and banks, and "bowers of bliss,"
In Beauty's thousand isles?
O that Kaiser or King the peace could find
Within four bright walls and a cheerful mind!

Blackwood's Magazine.

SONG.

O, LAY me not by the clear fountain's brink,
Where sweet flowers intertwine and kiss,
And the pure crystal drink—
To dream of bliss.
Lay me not under where the green trees grow,
And the wild bees hum ever round,
And waving branches throw
Poetic sound.
Lay me not where serenely breaks the sky,
Through green and golden leaves above;
Soft shadows floating by,
Where all breathes love.
O, lay me not where the sea's rippling wave
Plays leisurely among bright shells,
On yellow beach—in cave,
Where Echo dwells.
Trees fragrant, and soft sounds, and gentle airs,
May charm to joy the vacant breast;
Or soothe life's common cares
To peaceful rest.
To me they seem like a forsaken feast,
That still the bridal lustre wears—
Where Death the only guest
The garland wears.

Ibid.

Retrospective Cleanings.

A MASQUE ON FEBRUARY 20, 1612.

A MASQUE was presented, on the above day, before the king and queen, the Prince Count Palatine, and the Lady Elizabeth, &c. in the Banqueting House at Whitehall: it was written by Beaumont, and was called *The Masque of the Inner Temple and Graye's Inn.*

This masque was represented with the utmost splendour and magnificence, and at a great expense to both the societies. By Dugdale's *Origines Juridiciales*, we learn that, at Gray's Inn, the readers on this occasion were assessed at 4*l.* each, the ancients, or such as were of that standing, at 2*l.* 10*s.* each; the barristers 2*l.* a-piece, and the students 20*s.* each; out of which so much was to be taken as the Inner Temple did then allow. P. T. W.

AN EXPENSIVE MASQUE.

THERE was a masque performed before the king at Whitehall, on Shrove Monday, at night, February 15, 1613. This masque was written and contrived for the celebration of the nuptials of the Count Palatine of the Rhine with the Princess Elizabeth. The machinery and decorations were by Inigo Jones. From Dugdale's *Origines Juridiciales*, page 340, we find that this masque cost the society of Lincoln's Inn no less than 2,400*l.* It was composed by George Chapman. There was a masque with nuptial songs at the Lord Viscount Haddington's marriage at court, on Shrove Tuesday, at night, 1608.

P. T. W.

Notes of a Reader.

PIG-DRIVING IN GERMANY.

(From Bubbles from the Brunness of Nassau.)

EVERY morning, at half-past five o'clock, I hear, as I am dressing, the sudden blast of an immense, long, wooden horn, from which always proceeds the same four notes. I have got quite accustomed to this wild *reveille*; and the vibration has scarcely subsided—it is still ringing among the distant hills—when, leisurely proceeding from almost every door in the street, behold—a pig! Some, from their jaded, care-worn, dragged appearance, are evidently leaving behind them a numerous litter; others are great, tall, monastic, melancholy-looking creatures, which seem to have no other object left in this wretched world than to become bacon; while others are thin, tiny, light-headed, small, brisk, petulant piglings, with the world and all its loves and sorrows before them. Of their own accord these creatures proceed down the street to join the herdsman, who occasionally continues to repeat the sorrowful blast from his horn. Gregarious or naturally fond of society, with one curl in their tales, and with their noses almost touching the ground, the pigs trot on, grunting to themselves and to their comrades—halting only whenever they come to anything they can manage to swallow. I have observed that the old ones pass all the carcasses which, trailing to the ground, are hanging before the butchers' shops, as if they were on a sort of *parole d'honneur* not to touch them. The middle-aged ones wistfully eye this meat, yet jog on also; while the piglings, who (so like mankind) have more appetite than judgment, can rarely resist taking a nibble; yet no sooner does the dead calf begin to move, than, from the window immediately above, out pops the head of a butcher, who, drinking his coffee, whip in hand, inflicts a prompt punishment, sounding quite equal to the offence.

As I have stated, the pigs, generally speaking, proceed of their own accord; but shortly after they have passed, there comes down our street a little, bare-headed, bare-footed, stunted dab of a child, about eleven years old—a Fließertigibbet sort of creature, which in a drawing one would express by a couple of blots, the small one for her head, the other for her body, while, streaming from the latter, there would be a long line, ending in a flourish, to denote the immense whip which the child carried in its hand. This little goblin page, the whipper-in, or aide-de-camp of the old pig-driver, facetiously called at Langenschwalbach the "Schwein-General," is a being no one looks at, and who looks at nobody;—but such a pair of eyes for a pig! The urchin knows every house from which a pig ought to have proceeded: she can tell by

the door being open or shut, and even by footmarks, whether the creature has joined the herd, or is still snoring in its sty: a single glance determines whether she should pass a yard or enter it; and if a pig, from indolence or greediness, be loitering on the road, the sting of the wasp could not be sharper or more spiteful than the cut she gives it.

"When I joined the herd this morning, they really appeared to have no hams at all: their bodies were as flat as if they had been squeezed in a vice; and when they turned sideways, their long, sharp noses and tucked-up bellies gave to their profile the appearance of starved greyhounds. As I gravely followed this grunting, unearthly-looking herd of unclean spirits through that low part of Langenschwalbach which is solely inhabited by Jews, I could not help fancying that I observed them holding their very breaths, as if a loathsome pestilence were passing; for, though fat pork be a wicked luxury—a forbidden pleasure, which your Jew has been supposed occasionally in secret to indulge in, yet a charitable Christian may easily imagine that such very lean, ugly pigs have not charms enough to lead Moses astray.

Besides the little girl who brought up the rear, the herd was preceded by a boy of about fourteen, whose duty it was not to let the foremost—the most enterprising, or, in other words, the most empty pigs—advance too fast. In the middle of this drove, surrounded like a shepherd by his flock, slowly stalked the SCHWEIN-GENERAL, a wan, spectre-looking old man, worn out, or nearly so, by the arduous and every-day duty of conducting, against their wills, a gang of exactly the most obstinate animals in creation. A single glance at his countenance was sufficient to satisfy one that his temper had been soured by vexatious contrarieties and "untoward events." In his left hand he held a staff to help himself onwards, while round his right shoulder hung one of the most terrific whips that could possibly be constructed. At the end of a short handle, turning upon a swivel, there was a lash about nine feet long, formed like the vertebrae of a snake, each joint being an iron ring, which, decreasing in size, was closely connected with its neighbour by a band of greasy leather. The pliability, the weight, and the force of this iron whip rendered it an argument which the obstinacy even of the pig was unable to resist. Yet, as the old man proceeded down the town, he endeavoured to speak kindly to the herd; and, as the bulk of them preceded him, jostling each other, grumbling and grunting on their way, he occasionally exclaimed, in a low, hollow, worn-out tone of encouragement, "Nina! Anina!"

If any little savoury morsel caused a contention, stoppage, or constipation on the march, the old fellow slowly unwound his

dreadful
round
genera
but if
if their
judgm
still co
old fel
the las
with s
cied he
lutely
wonder
have cu
As s
ascend
appear
the Sw
greater
drove r
for that
being t
wonder
had co
there a
them to
ever, th
their sn
Their t
of the
and thu
they m
nothing
velling
slowly
ears mo
from th
how litt
of their
their i
creation
and mo
the pig
plying
the app
better
putting
his nose
him of
ing his
the rest
a sty.—
only ol
starts i
shrewd
twinkl
mankin
poor ani
nothing
to look
him, na
him, mo
no natu
—nothin
powers

dreadful whip, and by merely whirling it round his head, like reading the riot act, he generally succeeded in dispersing the crowd; but if they neglected this solemn warning—if their stomachs proved stronger than their judgments, and if the group of greedy pigs still continued to stagnate—"Arriff!" the old fellow exclaimed, and rushing forwards, the lash whirling round his head, he inflicted, with strength which no one could have fancied he possessed, a smack that seemed absolutely to electrify the ringleader; but no wonder, poor fellow! for it would almost have cut a piece out of a door."

As soon as the herd began gradually to ascend the rocky, barren mountain, which appeared towering above them, the labours of the Swine-General and his staff became greater than ever. However, in due time the dove reached the ground which was devoted for that day's exercise; the whole mountain being thus taken in regular succession. No wonder, poor reflecting creatures, that they had come unwillingly to such a spot! for there appeared, literally, to be nothing for them to eat, but hot stones and dust; however, they dexterously began to lift up with their snouts the largest of the loose stones. Their tough wet snouts seemed to be sensible of the quality of everything they touched, and thus out of the apparently barren ground they managed to get fibres of roots, to say nothing of worms, beetles, or any other travelling insects they met with. As they slowly advanced working up the hill, their ears most philosophically shading their eyes from the hot sun, I could not help feeling how little we appreciate the delicacy of several of their senses, and the extreme acuteness of their instinct. There exists, perhaps, in creation, no animal which has less justice and more injustice done to him by man than the pig. Gifted with every faculty of supplying himself, and of providing even against the approaching storm, which no animal is better capable of foretelling, we begin by putting an iron ring through the cartilage of his nose, and having thus barbarously deprived him of the power of searching for and analyzing his food, we generally condemn him for the rest of his life to solitary confinement in a sty.—While his faculties are still his own, only observe how with a bark or snort he starts if you approach him, and mark what shrewd intelligence there is in his bright twinkling little eye; but with pigs, as with mankind, idleness is the root of all evil. The poor animal, finding that he has absolutely nothing to do—having no enjoyment—nothing to look forward to but the pail which feeds him, naturally, most eagerly, or, as we accuse him, most greedily greets its arrival. Having no natural business or diversion within reach—nothing to occupy his brain—the whole powers of his system are directed to the diges-

tion of a superabundance of food: to encourage this, Nature assists him with sleep, which, lulling his better faculties, leads his stomach to become the ruling power of his system—a tyrant, that can bear no one's presence but his own. The poor pig, thus treated, gorges himself—sleeps—eats again—sleeps—awakens in a fright—screams—struggles against a blue apron—screams fainter and fainter—turns up the whites of his little eyes—and—dies!

The Gatherer.

John Wesley.—So excellent was his constitution, and so favourable were his habits to health, that he had reached his sixty-ninth year before he could be prevailed on to ride in a carriage. He had previously travelled on horseback, upwards of a hundred thousand miles; for the most part with the reins on his horse's neck, and reading works of history, poetry, and philosophy; having, as he said, other employment at other times. At Kingswood, he preached under the shade of trees which he had planted; and, in his seventieth year, he addressed more than thirty thousand persons at Gwennap, by all of whom he was distinctly heard. When seventy-two, his eyes were more powerful, and his nerves firmer, than they had been thirty years before: "the cause," he says, in his journal, "is God's pleasure. The chief means, my constantly rising at four, for about fifty years; my generally preaching at five in the morning, one of the healthiest exercises in the world; my never travelling less than four thousand five hundred miles in a year; the ability, if I want sleep, to sleep immediately; the never losing a night's sleep in my life. Two violent fevers, and two deep consumptions; these, it is true, were rough medicines, but of admirable service—*Georgian Era.*

Origin of the motto S.—Ferdinand of Sicily rode privately to Valladolid to catch a view of his intended bride. Isabella expected him at a window—and said, with eagerness, to Cardenas, one of her attendants, "Which is he?" "*Esse es*," i. e. "That is he, (replied the courtier, pointing to Ferdinand, a graceful youth of eighteen, finely mounted. "*Take that S,*" said the delighted princess, referring to the sound of his answer, "into thy escutcheon for ever." The house of Cardenas still bear the S in their arms.

Anecdotes of Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough and Monmouth.—The private character of this nobleman has been thus described: "Born with an exalted imagination, a romantic cast of mind, and a restless activity, he stood distinguished from ordinary mortals in everything which he did." He said of himself "that he had seen more

kings and more postilions than any other man in Europe." He was a great wit, and very ready at repartee: being once surrounded by a mob, who took him for the Duke of Marlborough, then very unpopular, he said, "I will convince you I am not the Duke: in the first place, I have but five guineas in my pocket; and, secondly, here they are, much at your service," and throwing his purse among them, he got off with loud acclamations.

Curious Dress of Lord Vaux.—Walpole tells us "that Lord Vaux, who regained the estates (forfeited by his father) by gallantly fighting for Henry VII. against the Earl of Lincoln, at Stoke, afterwards shone at the marriage of Prince Arthur, in a gown of purple velvet, adorned with pieces of gold, so thick and massive that (exclusive of the silk and furs) it was valued at a thousand pounds. About his neck, too, he wore a collar of S. S. of considerable value, composed of nobles.

Origin of Glossy Taffeties.—Octavio May, of Lyons, being unfortunate, and not able to retrieve himself by the manufacture of taffeties, such as were then made, was one day (as tradition says) musing on his misfortunes, and, in musing, chanced to chew a few hairs of silk which he had in his mouth: his reverie being over, the silk he spit out seemed to shine, and, on that account, engaged his attention. He was soon led to reflect on the reason; and, after a good deal of thought, concluded that the lustre of that silk must come, first, from his having pressed it between his teeth; secondly, from his having wetted it with his saliva, which had something glutinous in it; and, thirdly, from its having been heated by the natural warmth of his mouth. All this he executed upon the next taffeties he made, and ultimately acquired immense riches.

Hat-wearing Charter.—Mr. Robert Browne who founded the *Brownists*, was descended from an ancient family in Rutlandshire; his grandfather, Francis, had a charter granted him by King Henry VIII., and confirmed by act of parliament, giving him leave "to put on his hat in the presence of the king, or his heirs, or any lord, spiritual or temporal, in the land, and not to take it off but for his own pleasure."

Cardinal Wolsey in the Bilboes.

"Methought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes."
Shakspeare.

The Middle Temple gate (says Pennant) was erected by Sir Amias Powlet on a singular occasion. It seems that Sir Amias, about the year 1501, thought fit to put Cardinal Wolsey, then parson of Lymington, in the stocks. In 1515, being sent for to London, by the Cardinal, on account of that ancient grudge, he was commanded not to

quit town till further orders. In consequence, he lodged five or six years in this gateway, which he rebuilt, and, to pacify his eminence, adorned the front with the Cardinal's cap, badges, cognizance, and other devices: so low were the great men obliged to stoop to that meteor of the times. P. T. W.

Literature and Art.—The number of new books published in London last year is about 1,160, exclusive of new editions, pamphlets or periodicals, being 20 less than in 1832. The number of engravings is 74, (including 34 portraits,) 13 of which are engraved in the line manner, 48 in mezzotinto, and 13 in chalk, aquatint, &c. The number of engravings published in 1832, was 99, (including 40 portraits,) viz. 15 in line, 57 in mezzotinto, and 27 in chalk, aquatint, &c.—*Supplement to Bent's Literary Advertiser.*

Tea and Window Duties.—It is worthy of remark, that, just fifty years since, these duties were agitated, as they are at the present moment. Before us is a pamphlet by Mr. Twining, (of the Strand,) on the Duties on Tea and Windows, printed in 1784.

Half-and-half.—A few weeks since, a German on his passage from Hamburg, was asked by a fellow voyager whether he should not drink porter on his arrival in London: "No," replied the German, "it is too, much too strong for my head." "Ah," remarked the other, "you will change your opinion when you have once tasted it." A week after the German was met by his friend, who asked him whether he had not drunk porter. "No," replied he, "I drink half-and-half."—"But that is even stronger than porter, being half ale and half porter!" "Oh," cried the German, with surprise, "I thought half-and-half was half porter and half water!"

Q. What portion of Astronomy is most interesting to the bon vivant?

A. The Jovial System.

Q.

The completion of the Bayeux Tapestry in our next

Now publishing, with 45 Engravings, the Seventh yearly volume of

ARCANA OF SCIENCE AND ART: or, an Annual Register of Useful Inventions and Improvements, Discoveries, and New Facts in Mechanics, Chemistry, Natural History, and Social Economy.

"It is being concentrated which produces high convenience."—Dr. Johnson's *Tour to the Hebrides.*

"The marrow of all the scientific journals of Europe. It is the most useful and entertaining book we know. We especially recommend it to our country friends: they will thank us, year by year, for the recommendation."—*Spectator.*

Printed by JOHN LIMBIRD, 143, Strand; of whom may be had similar volumes for the six former years.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand (near Somerset House,) London; sold by G. O. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Francfort; and by all News-men and Booksellers.